Love Tales from the Screen

MOVING PICTURE STORIES

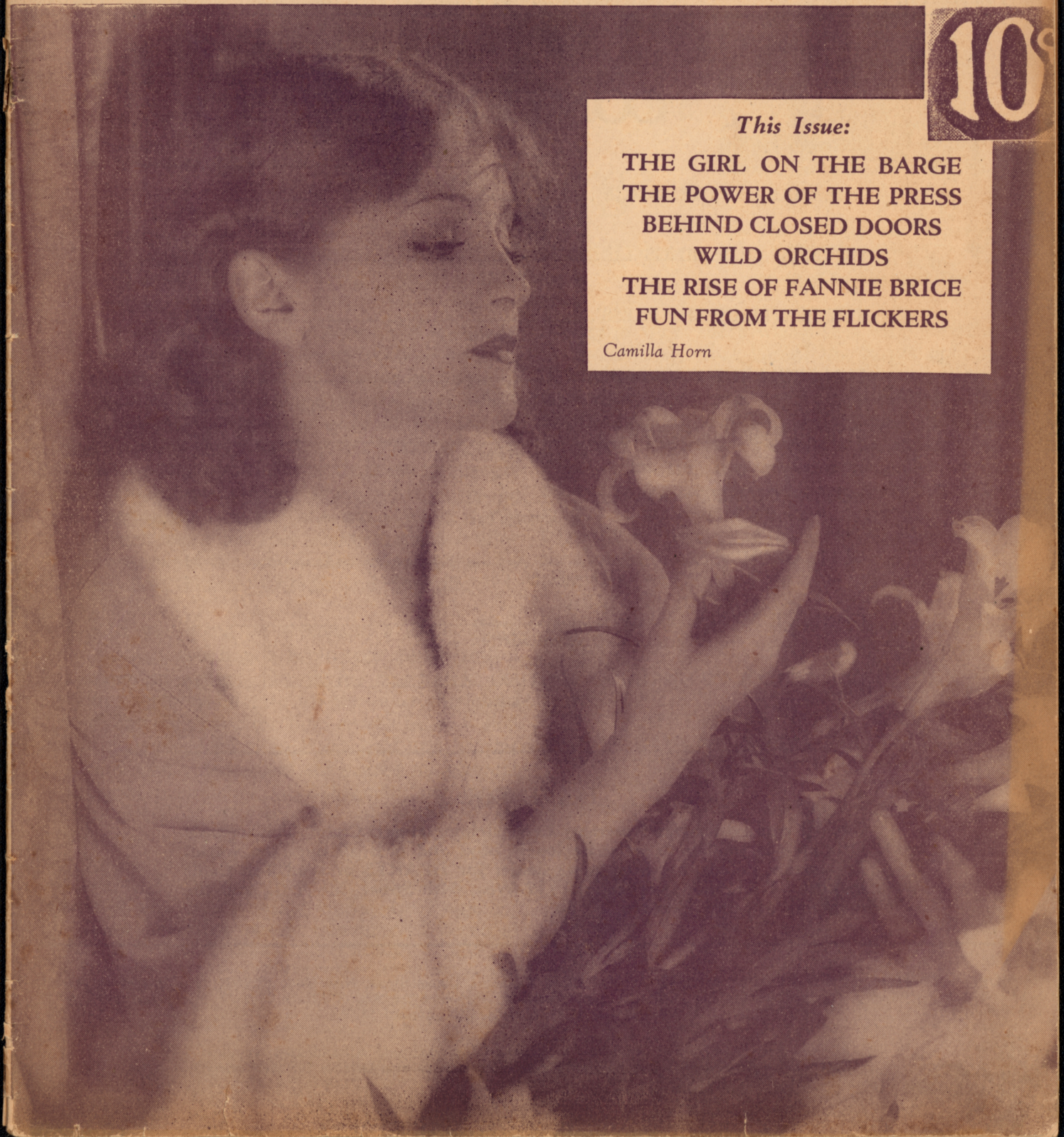
No. 818 March 19, 1929

10¢

This Issue:

THE GIRL ON THE BARGE
THE POWER OF THE PRESS
BEHIND CLOSED DOORS
WILD ORCHIDS
THE RISE OF FANNIE BRICE
FUN FROM THE FLICKERS

Camilla Horn



MOVING PICTURE STORIES

ETHEL ROSEMON
Editor

ISSUED EVERY
OTHER TUESDAY

Vol. XXXIII. MARCH 19, 1929 No. 818

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MOVING PICTURE STORIES is issued bi-weekly by M. Clifford Pardee, 2 Duane Street, New York City, N. Y. Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 31, 1913, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright 1929 by M. Clifford Pardee. Single copies 10 cents, yearly subscriptions $2.50, Canada $3.00, foreign $3.50.

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#10307

When the prolonged snores of Captain Andy told Erie that the black bottle had gotten in its work, she would climb down the side of the barge to keep her rendezvous with Tim.

Up and down the winding waterways as mate of a stout little towboat, finding a sweetheart on every landing stage, that was Tim Fogarty's life till he met

The Girl on the Barge

By JEAN PENNINGTON

Erie went about her task of cooking and scrubbing with a song on her lips, for her hardest task was lightened by memories of her hours with Tim.

UP and down the wide waterways of our country, within hailing distance of busy villages, populous towns and roaring cities, goes a race of people who are entirely apart—the barge folk.

In upbringing, in their ways of life and in their outlook they are different. Though they speak our language and have the same forefathers as the rest of us, they live in what might be another world. Such a one was Captain Andy and such were his four children, named after the waterways on which they happened to be born—Erie, Huron, Ontario and Superior.

ERIE was going on seventeen, a lovely child-woman, tough as a hemp rope and beautiful as dawn on a river. She did her best to take the mother's place and care for the other three and Pop, but sometimes the burden was heavy. Pop had taken to drink after Mom died and he was a hard man. Sometimes she feared his gigantic strength, his mighty voice booming out curses from the Bible that was his one book and his fierce eyes glittering strangely through the stubble of red beard that covered his face. Yet she never thought of rebellion. Pop was Pop, captain and lord of their little floating world—the barge.

The only other people that entered her consciousness were the towboat men who ran the stocky little tug that hauled the barges up and down the rivers. Sometimes there was one barge, sometimes a string of them. There was only Captain Andy's this trip, and it was different in another way, too. There was the young Irish mate on the tug, the lad with the wide, white smile and dancing eyes who had looked at Erie in that funny way when he saw her swimming one early morning. She felt herself flushing when she thought of that look, though she did not know why. He was just a fresh guy, she told herself angrily, and, whenever she happened to catch his eye, she put out her little red tongue at him.

That amused Tim Fogarty. Girls were generally only too anxious to smile back at him when he smiled at them. He boasted that he had a sweetie at every landing stage along the waterways, and maybe two or three. It piqued him that Erie didn't "fall" for him. One day he scrawled a little note and tossed it from his place on the towboat to the deck of the barge where Erie was hanging out her washing. He knew she had picked it up, but she simply grimaced at him and ran below.

That was the day that Erie said to Pop:

"Say—I wish I could read."

The old Captain glared at her.

"An' what good would readin' and writin' do ye? Ye're only a wumman and' wimmen's better off without such things. Washin' and

---

This is an adaptation of Universal Pictures' screen presentation of the original story by Rupert Hughes. Edward Sloman directed, with Jean Hersholt appearing as Captain Andy Macpherson, Sally O'Neil as Erie, Malcolm McGregor as Tim Fogarty, Nancy Kelly as Huron, George Offerman as Ontario and Maurice Mackintosh as Superior.

There in the wheel-house beside Tim, Erie had her first lessons in reading and writing—and love.

cookin 's your work—keep ye'r mind on 'em."

One evening when Pop had gone ashore for supplies, Erie saw the Irishman drop from the towboat into a little row boat and in a moment or two climb aboard the barge. He smiled eagerly.

"Say, why don't you like me, huh?"

"You sh'd worry!" she retorted. "Hain't you got a coupla' girls on the landin' waitin' for you and wavin' all the time?"

"Sure! But what of it? They aren't so pretty as you—honest they aren't. Come on, now—why didn't you answer my note?"

Her curly head came up defiantly but there was a desperate tremble in her voice.

"You'll prob'ly laugh—but I don't care. It's because I can't read—or write—that's why! An' I don't see why I should! I'm a woman, ain't I? Cookin' and washin's my job, ain't they? What good would learnin' do me?"

He caught the pitiful longing behind her brave talk.

"Say, honey, you don't mean that. Say, listen, if you'll slip over to the towboat tonight when it's my trick at the wheel, I'll learn you to read!"

"Would you? Gee! But I can't—I'm afeared of Pop. If he ever caught me goin' over there—"

"He'll be asleep."

"All right—maybe I'll come."

SO began the first lesson. Afterward there were others, but it was always risky, particularly because Captain Andy cherished a bitter hatred for the young Irishman. He and Fogarty had engaged in a verbal battle one morning when Tim had yelled at the Captain for boxing Erie's ears and hard words had been followed by the hurling of sticks of wood, chunks of brick and anything else that came handy from the deck of the barge to the wheel-house of the towboat. That had ended when the master of the towboat had appeared and told Tim he would be fired at the end of the trip when they reached Troy.

After that, Tim was more anxious than ever to continue Erie's lessons, partly to get even with her father and partly because the lessons were growing very sweet to him—almost as sweet as they were to her.

Stealing away from the barge when the prolonged snores of Captain Andy told her that the black bottle had gotten in its work on Pop, Erie would stand in the wheel-house beside Tim, trembling a little with bliss when his shoulder touched hers as they leaned together above her note-book. When writing grew wearying, Tim taught the girl to run the towboat, and, with his hands over hers on the wheel, felt a new and happy thrill at the brush of her curls against his tanned cheek.

The big bill-boards along the river bank were her primers. From them Tim taught her the words he wanted her to learn. "K-I-S-S-E-S" he would spell from an advertisement for candy, or again, "S-W-E-E-T-H-E-A-R-T" from Sweetheart Brand Butter, and "D-E-E-R" from Deer Skin Gloves. He found something infinitely sweet in Erie's trust in him and an utter pathos in her childish voice one night when she whispered:

"No one has ever put their arms around me—like this—since my mother died!"

"It won't be goodby forever, Erie," Tim promised. "I'll come back and get you when I've found a good job."

Tim Fogarty had played around with lots of girls, but this was different. Erie filled his heart with a depth of tenderness he had never believed possible, brave little Erie who never complained, who washed and cooked and mended for her barge family, scrubbed the deck and cared for the growing needs of Huron and Ontario and Superior.

"The kid never has any fun," he thought. "I'll take her to the Fair when we get to Troy."

Captain Andy had gone ashore, so it was easy for Erie to slip away. She was thrilled. Being with Tim was always wonderful, but going with him to the Fair, riding on the merry-go-round and the scenic railway, eating ice-cream cones, watching him throw the balls that won her a china puppy for a prize—it was heaven!

She forgot all about Pop. But Pop had not forgotten about her. He came back to the barge early that evening and in answer to his call, "Erie! Where are you, gal!" he was informed by three childish voices:

"She's gone to the Fair with the towboat fellow."

Captain Andy saw red. He took a great iron and bent it between his hands, feeling ease for his mighty rage in the consciousness of his strength. Even so he would break the girl and the man when he found them. Increasing draughts from the black bottle fed his rage. He waited.

EVEN heaven must come to an end. Erie and Tim fell silent as they walked back to the waterside from the Fair, hand in hand, like children. Finally the boy spoke.

"This is—goodby, Erie. I'm leaving the towboat at this town, you know. Say—it hurts to tell you goodby—Erie—little sweetheart!"

Her great eyes were brimming as she lifted her face. He could not bear those tears. Suddenly he put his arms round her.

"It *won't* be goodby forever, Erie. I'll come and get you when I've found a good job—and we'll be married—Erie!"

"Tim—oh, my darlin'!"

"I'm staying at this boarding house by the landing, Erie. I'll see the barge when she pulls out—and I'll wave. Kiss me, honey, and go—"

Captain Andy, watching from glittering red eyes, saw that kiss and his whole soul flamed. When Erie came aboard the barge a few moments later, she found him waiting for her in the cabin. Slowly he unbuckled his belt. Up on the deck the three children crouched and listened, terror-stricken, to the sound of blows and the choked screams of Erie.

TIM FOGARTY was reading in his room late that night, reading and thinking of Erie. Suddenly there was a soft knock on the door and to his "Come in!" appeared the girl who had filled his thoughts.

"I had to come, Tim. I ran away from the barge. Pop was waiting for me and he—he walloped me terrible."

The sound of blows and Erie's choked screams echoed through the silent barge.

"He beat you—you, Erie?"

"He beat you—*you,* Erie!"

"Yes—look." She pushed the wide collar of her cotton dress away from one girlish shoulder and the man saw the marks of cruel blows standing out, scarlet, on the firm flesh. He stooped his lips and kissed the marks, murmuring passionate sympathy.

"You shan't ever be beaten again, darling. We'll go off and get married right away. Come along. Why, what's this?" The door had opened further and Huron, Ontario and Superior stood in a solemn row.

"I can't leave them," Erie explained. "I'm all they've got. It's an awful lot to wish on you—but—"

"We want to run away from Pop, too," Huron explained.

Tim swallowed his first astonishment and grinned.

"All right, young shavers—we'll all run away, shall we? I'll adopt the whole family—except Pop! Come on."

Erie flung herself into his arms.

"Oh, Tim, you're so good and so kind! You're the kindest, most wonderful man in the world—and I love you—I love you!"

They went downstairs together and opened the door. From outside came a roar like the bellow of a bull and Captain Andy, swaying with rage and liquor, stood before them. Quiet as Erie had been in slipping away, the wily old man had heard her and followed. Looking up at Tim's window he had seen something that drove him nearly mad—Erie, his daughter, with her young shoulder bared and Tim Fogarty's lips pressed there.

He sprang at Tim, sweeping away the girl who had flung herself between them. His blows fell like mighty hammers, he was crazed with anger and hatred. Tim was taken by surprise and the first blow felled him to the ground. He got up, dazed, and rushed in, but he was no match for the gigantic barge captain in his present condition and was beaten down over and over again. At last he fell and lay still.

The children scuttled aboard the barge like frightened rabbits and Captain Andy followed, dragging Erie with him. Signalling the new towboat mate, the Captain cast off and soon the water widened between Erie and that still figure lying on the landing. Her whole heart seemed to break.

IF life had been hard before, it was infinitely harder now. The sullen anger of Captain Andy did not diminish. He treated Erie as if she were a blackened criminal, and in her utter innocence the girl was bewildered and terribly unhappy. Pop would not let the other children even speak to her.

"Erie is a wicked girl," he would growl," not fit for innocent children to speak to. You stay away from her, or I'll lick you."

She worked harder than ever before, and Captain Andy drank harder. There was a terrible day when he fell down the hatchway, breaking his leg and calling on Heaven that it was part of

(Continued on page 27)

A German-American—that's his role,
A waiter in night cafés.

Gotham Gleanings

By LOUIS WESLYN

"SINS OF THE FATHERS"
(*A Paramount Production, Reviewed at the Rivoli Theatre.*)

Emil Jannings is always fine,
And loved by the movie fan;
He plays his part with consummate art,
As only a Jannings can.

We see him now in a splendid film
That fits him down to the ground,
A movie, too, that you really view;
Thank heaven, there's not much sound.

A German-American—that's his rôle,
A waiter in night cafés,
And he turns a trick to get rich quick,
While the gullible public pays.

In other words, he is selling hootch
To his customers on the sly,
And the coin rolls in from the rum and gin,
In these years that are known as "dry".

He neglects his wife and his daughter, too,
But he worships his only son,
And the poor wife dies, while the daughter flies
With a youth whose heart she's won.

Then Emil marries a scheming vamp,
(Ruth Chatterton plays the part)
Who runs away with his coin one day
And leaves him with breaking heart.

But stop—for the worst is yet to come,
The son that he holds so dear
Goes wildly out on a drunken bout—
And the boy doesn't stick to beer.

The lad drinks booze that his father sells—
Bad booze of the cheapest kind;
'Tis the hand of fate, for he learns—too late—
That the poison has made him blind.

Well, this is an outline—nothing more,
My story is incomplete;
If I were to tell the ending—well,
I fear I would spoil a treat.

The picture is one you shouldn't miss,
'Tis a wonderful, stirring tale,
The acting is great, and I'm here to state,
It's a movie that cannot fail.

Jane Atwill was the daughter of the leading candidate for Mayor.

It isn't always the power of money that counts; it isn't always the power of politics or society that is supreme, for there is something that can upset all three of these for the sake of a girl and a boy! This is

The Power of the Press

BY CHRISTINE HAMILTON

He was just a cub reporter, set to the task of writing weather reports and obituaries.

CLEM Rogers's eager fingers tapped steadily on the most rickety machine in the editorial rooms of the *Times*. His blond forelock was rumpled and his young brow furrowed with the effort of composition.

"WEATHER REPORT, BY CLEM ROGERS," he wrote. "'There will be sunshine tomorrow,' the weather man says. Think what that means to all of us! Sunshine! Babbling brooks and happy children! Bright flowers and singing birds! Sunshine tomorrow!"

"Haw, haw, haw!" laughed Johnson, the star reporter, glancing over his shoulder. "Lookit what the cub's doing! Think the Old Man will print that? You make me laugh!"

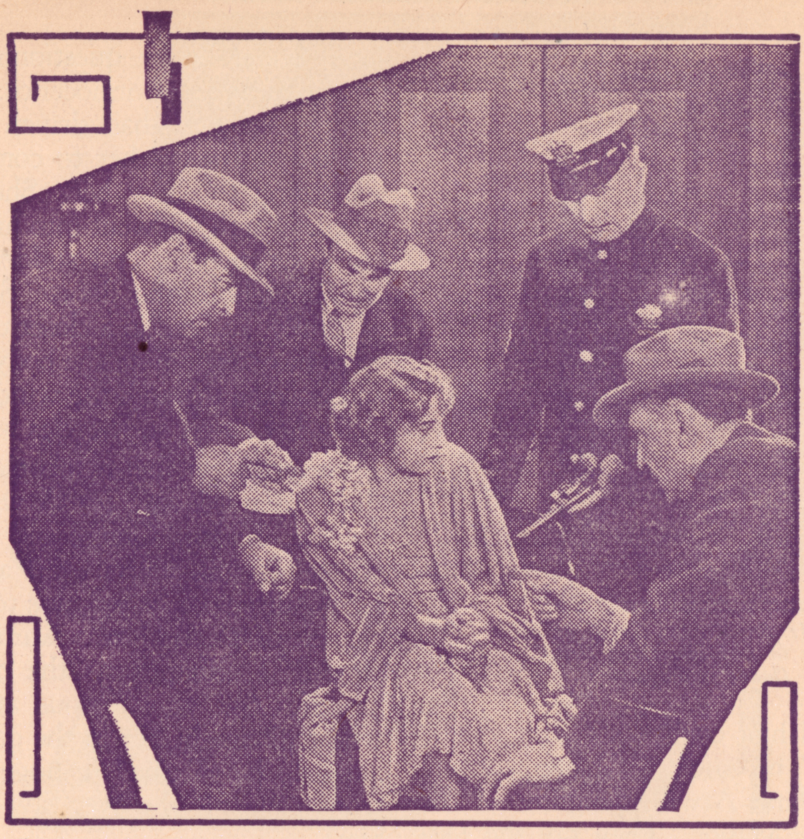
"Laugh ahead!" Clem returned. "The Old Man will print it—or, if he doesn't, he doesn't know good stuff when he sees it. Some day this office will recognize that they've got someone important around here. Me!"

He took his report and carried it up to the City Editor. It was too precious to be trusted to one of the boys.

The City Editor looked at the sheet of paper vaguely as Clem thrust it under his nose, murmured, "Oh, weather report," and swiftly blue-penciled everything except, "Weather Report: Sunshine tomorrow." Then he plunged back into hectic work on his own stuff. Clem stood by, anxious to protest but not daring to break into the Old Man's activity. After a while he saw that it was no good. He made up his mind that he'd outstay the whole gang. The Old Man *must* quit sometime and, when he did, Clem would grab the chance to say what was on his mind.

He went back to his desk and waited—and waited. The other reporters drifted out but the Old Man worked on. At last he rose and stretched. It had been a long, hard day, and there wasn't a scrap of hot news. He came to the conclusion that the newspaper game was a mess, anyhow. Here was a city election coming on in a couple of days and it was dragging along at a snail's pace. Atwill or Blake for Mayor—what did it matter? Atwill was ahead, he'd win it for certain—no excitement—bah! He turned wearily from his desk and found Clem's eager young face at his shoulder.

This is an adaptation of Columbia's screen presentation of the original story by Frederick A. Thompson. Sonya Levien wrote the scenario and Frank Capra directed, with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., appearing as Clem Rogers, Jobyna Ralston as Jane Atwill, Mildred Harris as Marie, Philo McCullough as Blake, Wheeler Oakman as Van, Robert Edeson as the City Editor, Edwards Davis as Mr. Atwill, Del Henderson as Johnson and Charles Clary as the District Attorney.



Cross-examined by the police, Jane still maintained her innocence. "I didn't kill him; I don't know who did, but I didn't!"

"Well?" he asked irritably.

"Listen, Chief, I wish you'd realize that I can do good stuff—*big* stuff—if only you'll give me a chance! Gee—I'm tired of doing obituaries and weather reports!"

"Who are you? Oh, yes—Rogers, the new cub. My dear, good child, we all have to work up from the bottom—unless something sudden boosts us unexpectedly and that doesn't happen. Get out of the way—there's that confounded telephone again!" Clem's boyish head drooped and then lifted suddenly at the whoop the Old Man let out. "Johnson!" the old Man was shouting. "Murray!! Anderson!!! Where are all those fools? The District Attorney has been murdered and there isn't a man to send out—oh, my almighty gosh!"

"There's me—there's me—there's *me!*" cried Clem, almost prancing with impatience. The Old Man grabbed him.

"All right—get along with you! Examine the body—pump the police—find out all you can —HURRY!"

CLEM hurried. He got to the big house standing back in its garden at the same time as a bunch of reporters from other papers and then —he realized that he had dropped the reporter's card the City Editor had thrust into his hand. The others went in past the guardian police but Clem was shut out! His one Big Chance—gone!

He almost wept. Turning away from the crowd that had collected in front of the house, he plunged through a small shrubbery that bordered the back of the house. He wanted to be alone in his misery. As he entered the bushes, his eye caught a glimmer of white at a low window. A girl peered out and, seeing no one, for Clem was deep in the shadow, swung her lithe young body over the sill and ran past. Clem sprang in front of her and caught her but with a thrust of slender arms she twisted herself free and ran. He ran after her, but she was swift of foot. Reaching an automobile parked at the curb, she sprang in, shoved Clem off the running-board and was off like a flash. The cub reporter found that he held only a small, beaded vanity bag in his hands—his only evidence of that swift struggle with the flying girl.

Another car stood near the curb and a dapper little man appeared from nowhere in particular and got in. Clem rushed up to him.

"I'm a reporter!" he cried. "Follow that girl in the car—and step on it!"

"When poor Mr. Snyder was dying, he told me where to find something that would help Daddy's campaign."

The man regarded him coolly.

"Why should I?" he said. "It's none of my affair. That girl is Jane Atwill, daughter of the leading candidate for Mayor. They say the District Attorney was sweet on her. Maybe she bumped him off—but I don't care. It's none of my business. Take a trolley."

He drove off.

Clem stood there flabbergasted, then he tore back to the office and poured out his story into the astonished ears of the Old Man. At first unbelieving and then, with growing elation at the story, the City Editor began to beam. The telephone rang and Johnson's voice was heard at the other end:

"Chief, it's rumored that Jane Atwill called on the D. A. a short time before he was killed. I'm following up the story—"

"You're too late!" the Old Man bawled joyously. "The Cub's come in with the whole scoop, right under your nose!"

"Stop the press!" went the call, and the whole great machinery of news waited while Clem Rogers tapped out his first Big Story—a story which began:

"Owing to the energy of one of the *Times* reporters, we are able to give our readers the first intimation that a beautiful girl is involved in the City's most spectacular murder."

It was a grand story and Clem Rogers felt that at last he was in his proper place!

MEANWHILE, at the local police station, Atwill had put up bail for his daughter. Jane, under heavy questioning, had held to her first assurance of innocence. The District Attorney, she said, had driven her home after the theatre and asked her to come in because he had something to show her. She had known him a long time and she went into his home. They talked for a short time, and suddenly a shot rang out and he fell to the floor. She was frightened, naturally, and hid in a closet until, while the police were busy examining the body, she saw her chance and escaped through the window. They could not shake her story, so she was let out on bail.

Nevertheless, many people decided to change their intended vote for Atwill to one for his opponent, Blake. One could not have a Mayor whose daughter was even a possible murderess. Jane realized that it was due to her that her father's chance of election was waning and it made her almost as unhappy as the cloud that rested on herself. She was furious at the blond reporter who had caught her in the garden and caused her name to be splashed in huge headlines across the front page. If she ever saw him again, she'd tell him!

With Jane, thought meant action. She put on her smartest ensemble and went straight down to the *Times* office to see Mr. Clem Rogers. As a result of that interview, Clem approached the Old Man half an hour later with all his new-made confidence.

"Say," he said, "make them print a retraction of last night's story, will you, Chief? I promised Miss Atwill that we'd run it in big headlines like the other story. We've ruined her reputation, and I feel—"

Standing beside Clem in the telephone booth, Jane began to sing a gay cabaret ditty

"You will take care of yourself—and come back to me! Promise me, Clem!"

"For the love of Pete!" shouted the Old Man. "*What* did you say?"

Clem said it again.

"Get along with you!" said the chief. "What do you think we are? Little girls shouldn't go around shooting people if they care about their reputations."

"But she's *innocent!*" Clem cried. "She told me so! She—she *cried!* Why, if—if you won't print that retraction, I'll resign. There!"

"You can't resign! You're fired!" the Old Man said.

As poor Clem reached the outer offices, he heard Johnson's long, high-pitched "Haw, haw, haw!" behind him. He gritted his teeth. He'd show them; he'd get to the bottom of the mystery and scoop the whole thing! Then they'd be sorry —they'd see that he was a real reporter! He went straight to the Atwill home and told Jane of his resignation and assured her that he was going to clear her name personally to make up for his part in the first offense.

Jane's generous heart went out to this sincere, hot-headed lad and she was thrilled at his earnestness.

"If we can clear it up," she said, "it will help Dad a lot. Listen, there was something I didn't tell the police—but I'll tell *you*. Before poor Mr. Snyder—the District Attorney—died, he gave me this."

She handed a cardboard folder to Clem. Inside were several newspaper clippings and many photographs, some of Blake, the opposing candidate, one set, evidently a police photograph, of a small, dark man and several of women, notably one dashing blonde.

"Daddy and I have puzzled and puzzled over these," said Jane, "but we can't make head or tail of them. Mr. Snyder was just going to tell me when—it happened. He started to say that these would help Daddy in his campaign. What do you think about them?"

"I don't know," said Clem, wrinkling his brow. "That little dark man looks somehow familiar, but—"

"Well, you think it over," she said. "And thank you *ever* so much for helping."

HE went away from her with a glow in his heart. The world was not so dark, after all. He walked into the park and loitered along, thinking hard. Presently he saw a familiar face. It was the man who had given him the tip for

(*Continued on page 27*)

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Fun from the Flickers

By SONNY SMILES

A private furniture store that sold everything from twin beds to fenders for grape-fruit spoons. (Educational)

* * *

A college fraternity where fathers spend thousands to make football players, hoping to get a quarter-back. (Educational.)

* * *

There comes a time in every man's life when he wants to change his wife's green eyes to black and blue. (Educational.)

* * *

"Help me dress the kids—they're half yours."
"Just dress your half."
(Educational.)

* * *

His cousin left his country home behind—because he couldn't bring it with him. (Educational.)

* * *

Many men go to sea so they can put their heads next to a permanent wave. (Educational.)

* * *

A discharged sailor who tried to see the world through a port-hole—from a submarine. (Educational.)

* * *

Cohen: "Let go my hand—I can't speak." ("Cohens and Kellys" in Atlantic City, Universal.)

* * *

Pat Rooney the 3rd: "You're my pal, dad."
Pat: "Well, how much do you want?"
("Sweethearts," Universal.)

* * *

Father, admiring first-born: "Isn't it time he could say 'Daddy'?"
Mother: "We decided not to let him know who you are until he gets a bit stronger.
(*The Passing Show*, London—Topics of the Day Films.)

* * *

Dear Editor: How can I make anti-freeze?
Ans. Hide her underwear.
(*Border City Star*—Topics of the Day Films.)

* * *

"Was the banquet a success?"
"Rather. Two of the speakers swallowed fish bones and couldn't say a word."
(*Hospitality*—Topics of the Day Films.)

* * *

"What about buying a nice bath robe for yourself, Uncle?"
"Nothin doing. When I take a bath, I don't wear no clothes."
(*Winnipeg Free Press Bulletin*—Topics of the Day Films.)

* * *

Last Month's Most Pitiful Case: The Scotchman who got a shine and then discovered he had his brother's shoes on.
(*The U. S. Navy Weekly*—Topics of the Day Films.)

* * *

Dear Editor: What did Paul Revere say after finishing is great ride?
Ans: Whoa!
(Pottsville, Pa., *Republic*—Topics of the Day Films.)

* * *

"How did you break your wrist?"
"I changed my mind in an automat restaurant."
(La Porte, Indiana, *Herald-Argosy*—Topics of the Day Films.)

* * *

"Is this the weather bureau?"
"Yes, sir."
"How about a shower tonight?"
"It's all right with me. Take it if you need it."
(*Oral Hygiene*—Topics of the Day Films.)

* * *

He, at reception: "I beg your pardon, but I didn't get your name. It sounded like Guggenschlocker.
She: It is.
(White Plains, N. Y., *Reporter*—Topics of the Day Films.)

* * *

Warden as prisoner is brought in: "What! You're back again, eh?"
Prisoner: "Yes, any phone calls?"
(*Judge*—Topics of the Day Films.)

* * *

Telegram to husband on road: "Twins arrived tonight. More by mail. Wife."
(Milwaukee *Leader*—Topics of the Day Films.)

* * *

"I take a cold shower every morning."
"I have grape fruit, too."
(*Christian Science Monitor*—Topics of the Day Films.)

* * *

Betty: "What makes Grandma act so funny?"
Dick: "She thought the bottle of gin I bought was juniper tea."
(Detroit *News*—Topics of the Day Films.)

* * *

"When a man sings in his bath, does it mean he's happy?"
"Either that or the lock on the door is out of order."
(Topics of the Day Films.)

* * *

Men always look down on women who wear short skirts. (Pathé.)

* * *

Many a man repents at leisure—who didn't marry in haste. (Universal.)

* * *

We sometimes get more than we bargain for—court a woman's smile and you will generally get the laugh. (Universal.)

(*Continued on page* 31)

"Don't ask for that," Fannie said. "He's—he's not my man—any more." And all over that great audience there was a sudden catch of breath that sounded like a sob.

The Rise of Fannie Brice

Just because she is brave, she knows how to pick up her life and make of it a happy thing, and, when one seeks to build happiness, happiness comes.

By CHRISTINE HAMILTON

(Fannie Brice had arrived! The girl who had traveled up the long, rocky road stood now upon the pinnacle of achievement and looked back, with a smile in which tenderness and amusement were blended, at the girl she had been—at little Fannie Borach, thrilled and quivering, as she was awarded first prize at Keeney's Theatre on Amateur Night, her first appearance behind the footlights—at slender, childish, Fannie Borach, going "on the road" with Rachel Lewis's touring company, sewing her own costumes and getting a quarter a day to eat on and no further salary—at tall young Fannie, singing popular ballads in a Manhattan uptown theatre while stereoscopic slides blazed upon a wrinkled screen—at awkward Fannie, being fired from a Cohan and Harris show because she could not dance! Memories of struggle and hungry dreams, and then memories of growing success—the Hurtig and Seamon show in which she began in the chorus and ended as the soubrette, with a contract (eight years at twenty-five dollars a week, which, luckily, she was too young to be bound by)—Max Spiegel's "College Girls Burlesque" and the big specialty number she sang, "Sadie Salome", her first Jewish dialect number—her brief marriage to Frank White which was annulled because she was under age—and then recognition by that greatest of all showmen, Florenz Ziegfeld, and her triumphant emergence as a part of the Follies, leaving burlesque forever behind her! Truly a record of brave progress, truly a tribute to a high young heart and a steadily burning flame of genius in a fiery soul! She had experienced hunger and beauty and gruelling work, laughter and tears and friendship, but one thing was left for her heart to learn, and she was to learn it once and forever before that heart-flame of hers could grow to its full power—the lesson of Love.

It was while Fannie Brice was playing in Baltimore with a Shubert production that she met Nicky Arnstein.)

* * *

LOVE came to Fannice Brice with the coming of Nicky Arnstein. It came not like a storm, sweeping her off her feet, nor like a colored bubble-dream, to be played with and tossed from one to the other with light laughter; it came only as it could come to that deep heart of hers, slowly, steadily, tenderly—and with the strength of Fate. Fannie Brice had always had a peculiar genius for friendship and her friendship was always rooted in protectiveness. Love, growing from friendship, held much of the passion of motherhood as well as the passion of matehood in her soul.

I may be wrong, but it seems to me likely that Fannie's heart first went out to the man she was to love when she heard that he had been in trouble. She was like that.

And Nicky Arnstein was one of those men who is always in trouble. Not that he was unhappy—his vibrant personality was the most joyous thing in the world. He radiated life, wit, charm; he was a Pan-child, playing magic music and indulging in mischief for the mere joy of it. He never meant to do the things that got him into fixes with business associates and with the law; it was his exuberant *joie-de-vivre*—joy of life—that carried him along until he was brought up short, bewildered and astonished, to find that he had done something wrong again. His eyes were bright with laughter, his hand-clasp warm and vital—and his head was always full of splendid schemes.

Fannie, herself, once said of him:

"He was brilliant, educated and he had a marvelous sense of humor. He never lost his head, and I have never met a man of more charm. Yet in a thousand ways he was a child."

There is the key-note—"in a thousand ways he was a child!" A child is charming, lovable and demanding love; a child looks at the world with bright, believing eyes and finds wonder everywhere; a child makes his own rules and lives by them joyously until he finds that somehow those rules have clashed with established law and that he has hurt himself by running contrary to it. And that was what Nicky Arnstein did, one time after another.

AND, so, as naturally as a mother bird folds warm wings down over the young she must protect, Fannie's winged heart opened and spread wide to take her lover in. She had never been in love before; she had hardly looked at a man—those brief, unfortunate days with Frank White did not count, had never counted and were utterly forgotten in the press of action and steady work.

"Nicky had been in trouble before we decided to get married. I thought maybe I could change him. Nothing he could have done, anyway, could have lessened my love for him."

Oh, blessed, overwhelming blend of mother-love and lover-love! How it rings out in that!

There is the most perfect simplicity in the way she tells the story of their love and their marriage. Eloquent words are not needed, for all eloquence is there.

"We got married in 1918. We went over to Brooklyn for the ceremony and then came back to my flat in Fifty-Eighth Street where I cooked the wedding supper—sea bass. I was happier than I'd ever been before in my life."

There is the picture—the cosy little flat, the shaded light warm on Nicky Arnstein's keen, laughing face and Fannie's shadowy green eyes and brooding, tender lips. Together! The beauty and comfort of that word—together! The aching sweetness of it when it is only a memory!

And, when there are two—and love—there is still something more to dream of, and that dream came true, too. Frances was born a year later, a sweet bud of a baby with her mother's eyes and her father's smile, and happiness welled up in Fannie Brice until sometimes it was near to pain and her great heart ached with ecstacy.

The gay soul of Nicky Arnstein rejoiced in his daughter. He was devoted to children and his love for Fannie as a wife was even greater for Fannie as a mother. And Fannie adored babies.

"I never feel better than when I'm expecting a baby," she says. "It's wonderful! It makes me feel—I don't know how to express it—queenly. It's so exciting! You never know whether it's going to be a boy or a girl, and you feel really important—as important as God!"

And, so, just when Frances was beginning to toddle and coo her delightful baby language, a little brother arrived—William Jewels Arnstein—and the cup of Fannie's happiness overflowed.

THEY were such happy years and they flew by so fast—so terribly fast. The babies grew and flourished and Fannie's happiness overflowed into her singing, so that there was nothing to compare with her on the stages of all the world, so heartening, so rich in melody and comedy and fun she was! Ziegfeld increased her salary and crowds stood in line outside the theatre where she appeared. Everything that Fate could give her seemed to be hers—and then Nicky Arnstein got caught up in one of his wild, scatter-brained enthusiasms and talked vividly of the millions he was going to make if this scheme panned out and how he was going to show the world that his success in business could be as brilliant as his wife's success on the stage. He was busy day and night, seeing people, having conferences, writing letters and persuading everyone with whom he came into contact that the plan he was promoting was the greatest thing America

The future is very full for Fannie Brice. There are Frances and William to fill the loving mother-heart, there is work, there is play and this new venture, her first talking picture for Warner's Vitaphone—and a journey into the Land of Romance, for recently this lovely, smiling woman with the warm green eyes became the bride of Billy Rose, one of our most popular song writers.

had ever seen. His enemies have accused Nicky Arnstein of deliberate fraud, but those who know him are unanimous in saying that he really believed in his dreams, he honestly thought that he was on the verge of amazing discoveries that he wanted all his friends to share, and, when the bottom fell out of his schemes, he was the most surprised and astonished of all. Whichever it was and whatever Nicky Arnstein was, his wife loved him, deeply, devotedly, passionately. Love is not a thing for which one can give reasons—it just *is*.

IT was at one of these times of stress and strain that a new song took America by storm. It was brought over from France first, but it was from the eloquent throat of Fannie Brice that it welled into the hearts of her public. Who, hearing it first as she sang it in Ziegfeld's Follies, can ever forget it? There had been an ornate singing and dancing number just before it, riotous with color and beauty, patterned as only the master showman knows how to set a stage, and then the lights wavered and waned, a curtain lifted and it was midnight—blue midnight beside an historic bridge, the Pont Neuf over the river Seine in Paris. Then, from the shadows, a slender, darker shadow slipped and stood with her ivory-pale face lifted to the stars—a girl of the Paris Apaches. She sang, the poignant, husky voice calling to unknown depths in the heart."

"Ah— my man—I love him so, he'll never know!"

There has never been anything like it. Tears were in her voice, and yearning, and the love that passes all understanding. To everyone in her

audience who had loved and lost, to everyone in the house who had shut away his memories, that voice called and broke down barriers of forgotten pain and beauty.

"He's my man—and I am his—for evermore!"

Oh, Fannie—Fannie Brice! You bared your very heart to us that night and how we loved you for it!

PRESENTLY the world knew that Nicky Arnstein was serving a prison term. There were all sorts of rumors—his creditors were being paid back sums that they had lost through him—the great jewels that had blazed upon Fannie Brice's fingers and about her throat were no longer there. Had they been sold to pay some, at least, of Nicky's debts of honor? Fannie was working harder than ever and living very simply. Was she impoverishing herself for the man she loved? Rumors abounded, but Fannie will not speak of that time.

"That's past," she says, and her eyes are deep with remembrance.

But, whatever truth or fiction there was in the rumors, there was one outstanding fact. On the day when the great barred gates swung open and Nicky Arnstein stepped out to feel the free air and sunshine again, the first arms that went round him, close and tight, were those of Fannie, his wife, holding him fiercely and protectively as though she could never bear to let him go.

A day or two after that a newspaper writer dropped into a popular movie theatre and happened to sit just behind a pair of lovers. The man's arm was round his girl's shoulder and her cheek rested against his. They were evidently very much in love and the "hard-boiled" reporter sighed scornfully.

"Young idiots!" he thought

And, then, something in the contour of the girl's averted cheek and something in the charming pose of the man's head caused him to look again, closely. Yes, he had guessed right—it was Fannie Brice and her husband! They had run away from their crowd like a pair of youthful sweethearts to be by themselves.

FANNIE was looking particularly beautiful at this time. Some people put it down to the fact that she had consulted a famous facial surgeon who had applied his deft skill to the remodeling of that masterful nose of hers, not changing or "prettifying" it but softening the stern strength of her vivid face. Yet her beauty was due far more to the radiance of her happiness in having "her man" back home again in the place where he belonged.

And, then, with the suddenness of a bombshell, came the news that Fannie and Nicky Arnstein had parted.

Why? It was the most amazing thing. Rumors again, rumors that Nicky's handsome head had been turned by another woman, rumors that Fannie had protested when he wanted to promote another enterprise and that he had persisted—rumors, but little more. A well-known psychologist said that the mothering tenderness that was so deeply a part of Fannie's love had protected the man she loved *too* much, that, even as there was much of the child in Nicky Arnstein, he reacted as a child reacts to a parent whom he loves but leaves. Another came forward with the theory that, while Fannie's piquant face had been lovable to Nicky for its very irregularity, her new beauty had made him feel that he was inferior—and that a man like Nicky Arnstein could not bear to feel inferior. But all these things were rumors and Fanny did not—perhaps she could not—talk much about it. It hurt too much. There was another night that a Broadway audience will never forget. It happened just after the announcement that the Arnstein divorce had been arranged. Fannie was singing and drawing every heart after her voice as she always does. She finished her last song and took a curtain call when a voice from the house shouted:

"Sing 'My Man', Fannie, sing 'My Man'!"

The cry was taken up and presently they saw that she had raised her hand for silence, and silence fell—a deep quiet, so that she had hardly to raise her tone. And she said:

"Don't ask for that, boys. He's—he's not my man—any more."

And all over that great audience there was a sudden catch of breath that sounded like a sob.

TIME heals—a little. In an interview given some time later Fannie Brice spoke of the breaking of her dream.

"I don't know how I ever got the courage to divorce Nicky. To this day I wonder. Something bigger than myself pushed me into it—I don't know—*I thought that I'd be doing more for him than by staying with him.*"

Passion of tenderness in the husky voice—

(Continued on page 20)

Young Anton Merlin delighted his hostess by his youthful charm and handsome face.

With mystery lurking on every hand, the secret agent of a newly born republic played the game of love against the game of politics

Behind Closed Doors

By ROSEMARY LEE

The singer was young and beautiful and she sang the songs of Anton's own land in a way that drew his heart to her.

IN more than one new-born republic, torn from the upheaval of war-shattered Europe, there remains a forlorn Old Guard, the brave few who cling sadly to the ancient ways and their former kings. Pathetic, narrow-minded, but sincere and courageous, they wait and plan for the day that cannot be, the day when the king will come once more into his own. And of these defenders of the old ways no group was more stubbornly loyal than those who met in secret and laid their plans to bring back their ruler to the little empire of Transylvania.

Those plans had been well laid and were almost ready to break. General Osloff, former general in the army of the Emperor, had brought a document to the meeting place of the loyalists and stood, stately and tall, to speak.

"The money will be forthcoming from America," he said. "That great secret ally whom we may name only as 'No. 17' has assured me that the bankers can be won to our cause. They need one more assurance, however—the pledge of our own private fortunes to the cause. That pledge I have here—the evidence of the heart-whole devotion of every one of us. I shall send it to Washington by the hand of our brave and devoted colleague, Captain Boyar. He will deliver it to 'No. 17' and it will be shown by 'No. 17' to the bankers. Then they will send the promised aid. Gentlemen, will you sign?"

The paper was passed round the table and one by one the loyalists pledged their word. Then the document was placed in a sealed envelope and given to Captain Boyar. Together, with raised glasses, they toasted the Emperor.

IN another room and in another of the old palaces of what was now the capital of the New Republic, a man with a worn, kindly face was speaking to another, young, dark and fiery.

"Anton," said the President of the Republic, "I am sending you to America on a special mission. Our country is threatened with disruption. It has suffered enough, Anton, to gain its freedom. The people are weary of civil war. This danger of new trouble must be averted. A document is going—or has gone—to Washington. It will be delivered to that powerful and mysterious agent whom we know only as 'No. 17'." It will have considerable weight with American moneyed interests if it reaches them. This must not occur. It is your duty to intercept that document and to discover the identity of 'No. 17'. I have chosen you because of your knowledge of the language. You will be in danger, my boy, but—"

"You may trust me, sir, to do my utmost," said the young man, his eyes kindling.

This is an adaptation of Columbia's screen presentation of the original story by Lilian Ducey and H. Milner Kitchin. Howard J. Green wrote the scenario and R. William Neill directed, with Virginia Valli appearing as Nina Laska, Gaston Glass as Anton Merlin, Otto Matiesen as Max Randolph, Andre de Segurola as the Ambassador, Fanny Midgely as Aunt Marthe, Torben Meyer as Captain Boyar, Broderick O'Farrell as John Barton and Otto Hoffman as the Messenger.

THERE was an air of anxiety brooding over the Transylvanian Embassy in Washington. The most intimate secrets had been leaking out—somewhere. But how—and through whom? The Ambassador was deeply troubled and only partly reassured by the confidence of his old friend, the head of the United States Secret Service.

Closeted alone in the Ambassador's study, the American tried to cheer the statesman.

"I'll put some of my very best people on the case," he said. "We are always willing to do all in our power to help a friendly republic, and, besides, there is our own personal friendship to make me even more anxious to help. Cheer up, we'll straighten it out before long. And, until we do, trust no one."

In the anteroom outside the study, Max Randolph, the Ambassador's most trusted secretary, closed the lid of the great cigarette box which was cunningly connected to a dictaphone high up behind a shield on the study wall. His lean, dark face bore a look of care and anxiety.

Presently a young man was ushered in. He was Anton Merlin and bore letters from the President of the Republic, recommending him highly. After perusal of those letters, the Ambassador, himself, introduced him to Max Randolph and said that Anton was to be added at once to the staff of under-secretaries. He sent him, with Max, to be presented to the Lady of the Embassy, the official hostess, Madame Marthe Olsbach, aunt to the widowed Ambassador.

TO Anton's quick eyes, it seemed that the secretary looked at him with distrust and he filed the thought in his mind for future reference. He was wholly delighted with his reception by the frail, lovely old lady who was to be his hostess, and she, in her turn, immediately felt his youthful charm.

"You will pardon me," said the secretary, after the introduction had been made, "but I have here the list of guests for next week's reception. Will you look at it now, perhaps?"

"Certainly," she said, running a slender veined finger down the list of names. Anton thought how pretty her hands were, for all their age and fragility, and how her great signet ring glowed as her fingers moved. "Who is this Miss Nina Laska?" she asked. "I don't think I know her."

"She is a singer, Madame, and, as I know your love for the songs of our country, which she sings very beautifully, I thought it might please you to hear her."

"By all means," said the old lady, smiling graciously. "That was thoughtful of you, Max."

ANTON occupied himself for the next few days in investigations and the more he investigated, the less he trusted Max Randolph. Yet he must find out something definite before he spoke to the Ambassador. He was rather late coming down to the reception, and, upon entering the drawing-room, his ears were charmed by the loveliest voice he had ever heard. The girl who sang was slim and beautiful. She sang the songs of his own land in a way that drew all his heart toward her, and, as he sat down on the sofa beside Madame Marthe, he saw that the old lady ,too, was greatly moved by the music. After the girl had finished singing, Anton was introduced to her, and her fascination became even more apparent on closer acquaintance. The young man felt that he must see more of her, must find out where she lived—make her realize how deeply she had affected him. He put forth all his boyish charm in the request that he might see her home. She hesitated, and then as suddenly consented.

Anton, lost in her beauty, did not know that across his shoulder, the eyes of the girl had met those of Max Randolph and that a message had passed between them in that look. While the infatuated Anton was getting his coat, the secretary approached Nina and whispered:

"I have a clue. Keep him with you for half an hour."

The girl nodded. She was very sweet to Anton during the drive to her apartment and, when his evident longing to enter became plain, she did not forbid him but laughingly said:

"Well—now that you're here, won't you come in for a few moments?"

The few moments lengthened to twenty. Alone in the firelight with Nina Laska, Anton suddenly lost his head. Bending over her, he pressed his lips to hers. For a moment it seemed that she yielded; the next, she sprung up and faced him with honest anger in her glance. The young man apologized humbly and at last saw the curve of a smile softening her firm lips.

"If I promise—faithfully—never to lose my head again, will you let me come to see you tomorrow?"

"We'll see," she said.

Anton did not know that a message had flashed from the secretary's eyes to Nina's before she consented to let him take her home.

Hardly had he gone when the telephone rang and Nina heard the voice of Max, hoarse and hurried.

"Let him go now. And come yourself immediately afterward; the paper that we know of was placed in the desk where we thought it would be—but it has been removed, I think. The only way is to trap the—"

Before he had finished the message, he hung up the receiver as though suddenly interrupted. Nina hastened downstairs.

MEANWHILE at the Embassy strange things were happening. Captain Boyar had gotten instructions at his hotel. He had placed the envelope in a certain drawer of a particular desk in the anteroom and had received a sign that all was well. Later, when the guests had gone, a hand had opened that drawer and closed it again, very softly. Now, with every sense alert, Max Randolph waited on the upper floor—listening. But he heard nothing. It was Anton who, coming in softly for fear of disturbing his hostess, perceived a light coming from under a crack of the closed door and, suddenly flinging the door open, saw a man rummaging desperately through the desk.

He sprang at him and overcame him. The noise brought Max running down and, even in the heat of the struggle, Anton noted that the secretary was fully dressed. The man he had captured finally ceased to fight and there was terror in his eyes.

Anton saw that there was a scrap of paper in the hand of his captive and he wrenched it from the clutching fingers.

"Hold him," he said to Max and the secretary pinioned the man's arms while Anton read, in his own language, the words:

"The document was delivered but it was not safe to leave it here. I shall find another means. Midnight tomorrow. Signed, No. 17."

He turned to the man.

"Who is No. 17?" he demanded.

"I can't tell—I can't—I can't!" said the man, paling.

"Then I'll call the police."

"Hands up!" Nina commanded.

"No! Don't do that—don't! I'll tell. No. 17 is——"

A shot rang out and the man crumpled to the floor, dead.

Anton heard the sound of a motor starting outside the house. He rushed to the door in time to see a car drive away and in it he thought he recognized Nina Laska!

What could she have to do with the perilous affairs at the Embassy? Fierce suspicion rose and embittered the love that was growing in his heart. He made up his mind to find out—no matter what the cost.

He called on her the next afternoon and was told by her maid that Miss Laska was dressing—she would be delighted to see him in a few moments. While he sat in her pretty living-room, waiting, he heard the phone ring. The instrument was at his elbow, but there was evidently an extension phone in Nina's room, for he heard her take up the receiver, give a sharp little exclamation and then close the door firmly between the two rooms before going on with the conversation. Anton hesitated to take the obvious course, yet his duty was plain. He picked up the telephone near him and listened. Yes—it was the voice of Max Randolph.

"I can see he suspects me. Things are getting very close; I think it will be tonight. And I have discovered—"

"Careful!" came Nina's reply. "The wires may be tampered with. I'll come round at once."

"Will you!" thought Anton.

This was no time for half measures. Quietly he turned the key in the lock of Nina's door, snipped the telephone wires with his knife, then hastened back to the Embassy. This was enough evidence. He would go to the Ambassador at once and lay the whole thing before him.

THE worried statesman heard his story with a sense of shock and betrayal.

"I can hardly believe it!" he exclaimed. "I've known Max ever since he was a lad—I've always trusted him. Call him, Anton. I must hear what he has to say for himself."

The face of the secretary was pale and stern as he heard the accusation.

"I have never betrayed you, sir," he said quietly, "but are you sure that Captain Anton Merlin is to be trusted? I have reason to believe that a certain document has entered this house and then mysteriously disappeared since Captain Merlin's arrival!"

In the face of this idea Anton explained his position as special agent from the President of Trannsylvania. Max paled.

"Then—I have been working on a false clue again. And, yet, I have done my best. *I have discovered who No. 17 is.*"

"Then tell us!" cried the Ambassador. "If, even for a moment, I have mistrusted you, this will make all clear. Who is No. 17? Speak man!"

But the eyes of Max were hunted and miserable. He seemed to force himself before his dry tongue finally faltered:

"No. 17 is—"

Once more the sound of a shot rang across the quiet room and a man fell, his voice stilled forever on the point of revelation.

Almost at the same moment the door was flung open and a girl dropped on her knees beside the dying man. It was Nina!

"Quick!" she whispered. "Tell me!"

But Max could not speak. He gestured feebly toward his pocket and the girl drew forth a crumpled piece of paper.

"The messenger will come to the East door at twelve," she read. "Who—*who?*" she cried again.

"Not—*he!*" Max murmured, looking at Anton, "It is—" He was dead.

ANTON and the Ambassador had watched this scene with amazement. As Nina rose to her feet, the younger man confronted her.

"Who are you? How is it that you appear so well versed in our affairs? How did you get out of your room?"

"My maid let me out—but not in time to save this poor victim," she said shortly. "As for the other questions—here is my card."

"Miss Barbara Lane, U. S. Secret Service," the Ambassador read, with astonishment. "Then *you* are the special agent detailed here by my good friend, the Chief?"

"I am," she said, "and I think we're near the end of the trail. I have discovered who did the shooting in this case and the other. It is a footman in your employ. He is now under arrest. We still have to discover the prime mover of the affair—No. 17. The man we have taken is only a tool. But I have made a guess and I should like to test it. Will you remain here in this room

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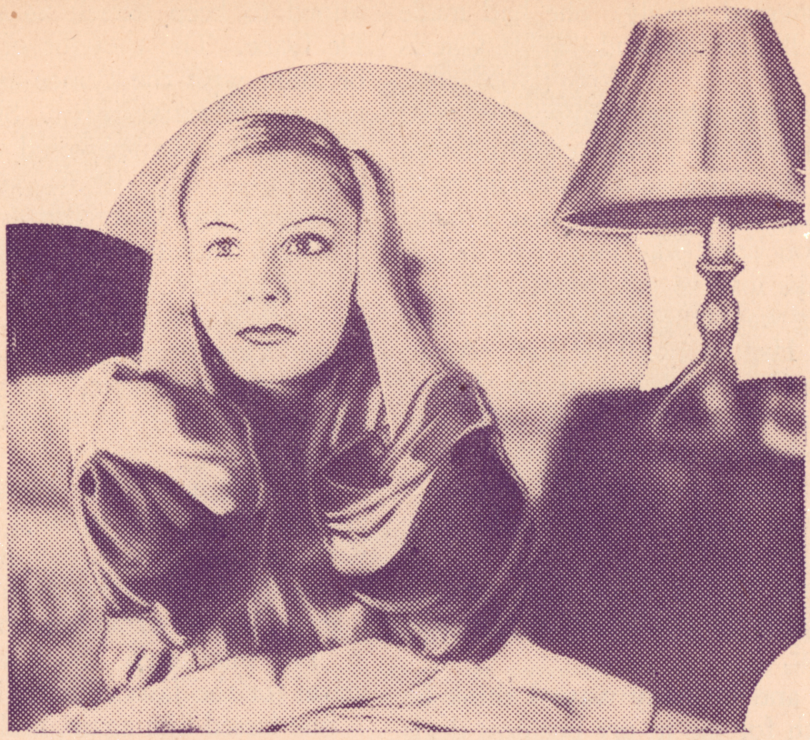


"Come in," Lillie called and waited in an agony of fear as a panel slid back from the wall and revealed the secret door.

Under the influence of this foreign Prince who had for the lovely young wife a fascination that drew yet repelled her, Lillie longed for the end of her visit in his palace in the land of

Wild Orchids

By DONALD H. CLEWTON

Lillie Sterling had looked forward with eager anticipation to the trip to Java with her husband, John.

"Surely," she reasoned, "in that lovely country we shall have a second honeymoon!"

For Sterling, completely engrossed in his wide business interests, was not given to the ardor of affection—except on that brief honeymoon—which his lovely young wife craved. But Lillie was doomed to disappointment. Her first presentment that such was the case came when Sterling ordered the double bed in their stateroom replaced by twin beds, with the brief exclamation that he could rest so much better.

But, if John Sterling was not stirred to the depths by his wife's charms, Prince de Gace, traveling by the same boat to his palatial home in Java, desired her with all the warmth of his Southern nature. Cruel, Lillie knew him to be—she had seen evidence of this in his treatment of his servants—and she dreaded the hours her husband's complete absorption in his business compelled her to be alone with him. And that these hours might be more frequent, the Prince exerted all his charm to make himself agreeable to Sterling. When he saw his interest in the business possibilities of the country began to wane, he quickly revived it by glowing descriptions of Sterling's favorite pastime, hunting, of the big game that abounded not far from the Java palace. Lillie longed for the end of the trip, for De Gace had for her a fascination similar to that of a cobra—and there was the memory of the moonlit deck, his arms crushing her body close to his, a kiss, eager, ardent, fiery, pressed upon her lips. Oh, why, Lillie wondered, did her husband remain unmoved by the loveliness that was his, while other men were led so easily to desire her.

* * *

IT seemed hours before Sterling came into the room.

"Splendid chap, this Prince de Gace," he said. "No doubt there are centuries of blue blood behind him. A fine fellow, don't you think so, Lillie?"

This is an adaptation of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's screen presentation of the story by John Colton. Sidney Franklin directed with Greta Garbo appearing as Lillie Sterling, Lewis Stone as John Sterling and Nils Asther as De Gace.

"No," Lillie answered slowly. She had made up her mind to tell her husband of De Gace's advances.

"What? You don't like him? Impossible! You must be prejudiced by some preconceived opinion about Oriental people. He's such a splendid chap and so good looking and charming that I can't understand why you don't like him."

"He tried to make love to me, John," she said very softly. Sterling was struggling with the studs of his dress shirt. He did not hear her. Again she said, "Prince de Gace made love to me, John."

Sterling had bent over his shoe laces, and Lillie did not know whether he had heard her or not. She did not dare to repeat her remark but waited to see what expression Sterling's face would wear when he lifted his head.

He finished taking off his shoes, and, turning to Lillie, went on with the conversation from the point he had left off.

"I like De Gace and in many ways I think he can smooth my path for me in my business deals in Java. I spoke to the Captain about him this afternoon, and he said he's no end of influence on the island and very highly thought of by the Dutch."

He had not heard her!

When the light was turned out, Lillie found courage enough to repeat:

"De Gace made love to me tonight. He kissed me."

Sterling's sleep-befuddled brain had not caught the significance of her words. His mind fastened on the one word "kissed" and he bent toward her.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I'm so sleepy I'd forgotten all about kissing you good night."

They kissed.

It was a long time before Lillie went to sleep.

IN the morning, after their breakfast, Sterling again went walking with the Prince. When he returned, just before luncheon, he was enthusiastic and bursting with news.

"Lillie," he exclaimed, "De Gace has asked us to spend a fortnight with him at his palace in the interior and also to join him in a tiger hunt. I have accepted. You will be delighted. Just think —you'll be able to live in a real Oriental palace. It will be an experience your romantic heart will delight in."

Lillie had not the courage to spoil his joy in his new friend. She said nothing but determined to keep herself as aloof as possible from De Gace. The thought of spending a fortnight or more with the Prince as her daily companion was not pleasant to her. She felt a terrific dread of him. But she answered with simulated enthusiasm:

"I shall love that. But—well, I hope that these romantic surroundings will draw you and me closer together. I want you to love me more."

There was a note of fear and pleading in her voice. Even Sterling could sense that.

"That's impossible," he said. "I couldn't love you more than I do. You know that, Lillie."

"Kiss me."

He took her in his arms and kissed her very gently. But Lillie pressed herself against him with all the force of her body, her lips clinging to his as if she were insatiable. Finally Sterling released himself from her embrace.

"I'm smothered. Such embraces will be too warm for the Java climate, Lillie," he laughed.

She kissed him again, and this time he returned her passion.

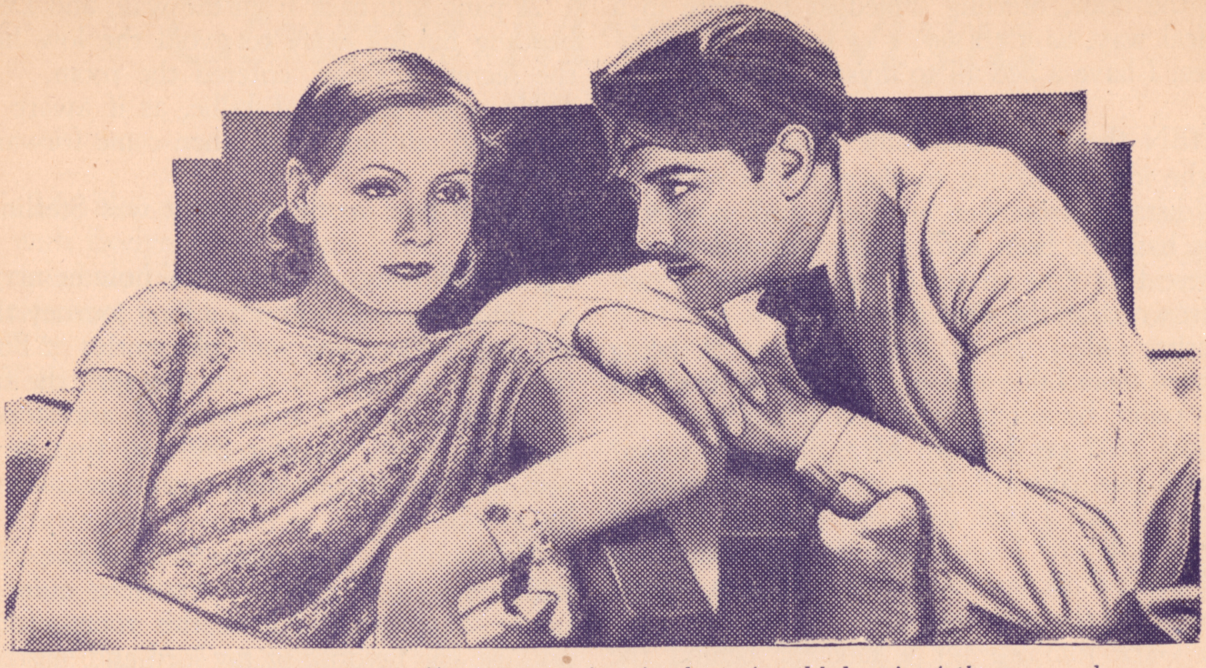
When Lillie met De Gace that evening she was polite, composed, unafraid.

A WHITE road winds like a ribbon through the jungle from Tubang to the palace of the De Gaces at Surabaya. Almost silently on its full rubber tires, the sound of its motor but a slight hiss through the noonday quiet of the jungle, a sleek motorcar slid along this road. De Gace, immaculate in his white tropical outfit, was making himself agreeable to Sterling and Lillie. He pointed out the places of interest along their route, telling the native history of each place, and also drew the attention of the white people to strange flowers and birds in the jungle through which they passed. Amused by his stories and fascinated by the dense jungle, Lillie thought the journey a short one.

Rounding a long turn in the road, the chauffeur sounded his horn as if for a signal, and Lillie, looking ahead, saw a huge palace of native stone rising before them from an orderly growth of orchards and gardens. Around the palace and its adjacent grounds she could make out a wall, evidently constructed for defense but now falling into ruin.

"My home," De Gace said simply but with feeling, pointing to the palace.

The car swung into a courtyard at the further end of which was a long flight of stone steps and



Lillie was profoundly moved. The warm evening air, the perfumed-laden air of the room and the sensuous movements of the dancers fascinated her, stirring her desires.

came slowly to a halt. The moment that the car stopped moving and the wind of its passage no longer cooled the occupants, Lillie was conscious of the brooding and constant heat of the country. To her it seemed tangible, and for a moment she had an impulse to thrust out her arms as if to push it away as one would push away a too forward person.

Aided by De Gace, she stepped from the car. Only then did she notice that a file of native soldiers at the gates to the courtyard were kneeling to do reverence to their prince.

"You must excuse me for a moment," De Gace said and stalked forward ahead of them to the foot of the long stairway.

As he did so, a native priest came to the head of the stairway and stretched forth his hands as if blessing the ruler who was returning to his home. De Gace knelt as the voice of the priest chanted a blessing. The simple dignity with which he had received the homage of his soldiery and the blessing of the priest impressed Lillie more than any of his suave compliments. For the first time she saw that De Gace was not an European gentleman, but an Oriental potentate, obedient only to the gods who were his overlords and exacting from all others an immediate obedience to his wishes and commands.

When the priest had finished, De Gace rose and, resuming his former manner of a cultured gentleman of the world, came forward to usher his guests into his house. As he led them through long, cool corridors, Lillie noticed that everywhere were servants who knelt as he came in view.

At length they reached a door, which De Gace pushed open, saying:

"This is your room, Mrs. Sterling. I hope that you will be comfortable."

Lillie found herself in an enormous airy room, beautifully furnished in the most modern fashion, with a large double bed in the center. Before her knelt four little Javanese girls, pretty as the little brown poppies of the island.

"These are to be your maids. They can all understand a little English. I'm sure that you will be able to make yourself understood."

Sterling, who had followed Lillie into the room, frowned at the sight of the double bed, and Lillie could see that he was on the verge of asking his host to exchange it for twin beds. She nudged his elbow to keep him from saying what was on his mind.

This little by-play, however, had not escaped De Gace's keen eye, and he said, smiling at his own thoughts:

"Your room, Sterling, is at the end of this corridor. I'll show it to you, and, in the meantime, these girls will help you, Mrs. Sterling, if you wish to change after the journey."

"Thank you," Lillie said as the two men turned to leave the room.

At the door, Sterling smiled at his wife in a quizzical way, as if to say:

"See, I have a bed all to myself after all."

WHEN they had left, Lillie was disturbed at the idea of having to sleep in this room, at some distance from her husband, and wondered if this had not been deliberately planned by the Javanese Prince as an aid to his conquest of her. She frowned at the thought.

Sterling, also, was a little put out at being separated from Lillie and, as De Gace showed him to his room, he asked rather shamefacedly:

"How do I get back to Mrs. Sterling's room? Through this hallway? It seems quite a distance."

"No. Later I will take you through a short cut, but just now I want to show you something that I don't think you have ever even seen before. Let us go to the window."

De Gace fumbled for a moment behind the draperies, and the next second a cascade of water flowed down past the window.

"What's that for?" Sterling asked.

"Lean out of the window," De Gace suggested.

Sterling bent and peered out. From the eaves of the palace, miniature torrents of water were flowing down the walls. The bright sunlight turned the falling water into gleaming streams of light and surrounded it with an aura of many rainbows. Sterling had never seen anything more beautiful.

"That is our ancient way of cooling the palace on warm days," De Gace explained. "When the walls are thoroughly wet, we turn off the spray and the evaporation of the water in the sun cools the whole building. It is the only way to escape the heat. When I put my hand here—behind the draperies—it was to pull a bell cord that gave the signal for the servant to turn on the water."

Lillie also had seen the spectacle of the falling water and had been delighted with it. When it had ceased to fall, she turned back from the window and, with the aid of the little Javenese maids, began to change from her traveling clothes into lighter garments. She had hardly finished dressing when a knock sounded. She looked toward the door, but the sound had not come from there. Turning about, she saw the Javanese girls backing out another door. The knock had not come from that door either.

Frightened and yet determined not to appear so, she made a final dab at her face with a powder puff and said resolutely:

"Come in."

A panel slid back from the wall, and De Gace, bending his tall body to avoid the low lintel of the secret doorway, entered the room.

He stood smiling at Lillie, as if aware of her fears and relishing them, then came forward into the room.

Behind him in the doorway was Sterling.

"I AM showing your husband how he may come into your rom without a long journey through the hall," De Gace said pleasantly. "Formerly this room belonged to a dancing girl, the favorite mistress of one of my honored ancestors. He had this secret corridor built so that he might visit her without creating undue jealousy among his official wives."

"Certainly a romantic story," Lillie returned with assumed lightness. "And it is quite appropriate that I should have this room—for am I not also the favorite of my lord and master?"

Sterling came forward and, linking his arm through Lillie's, said in the same banteringly affectionate tone his wife had used:

"The favorite, mind you of quite a sizeable harem."

THAT evening De Gace arranged a true Javanese feast and dance for his guests' entertainment. On coming down the stairs, Lillie found the entire hall of the palace cleared of furniture. Down the center, a strip of gaily colored cloth had been placed and on this were arranged hundreds of dishes, filled with oriental foods. On both sides were pillows for seats, and at one end three low couches for the Prince and his guests.

Lillie's entry into the room was a signal for the feast to begin. Flutes sounded from a balcony and a brightly dressed group of Javanese men and maidens entered, talking and laughing, and arranged themselves in graceful attitudes beside the festal board. De Gace led Lillie to her place on his right and pointed out the couch on the left for Sterling's use.

Tall, slim glasses of rice wine were passed to Sterling and his wife. Lillie could smell a delicate perfume which had been rubbed against the glass to remove the odor of alcohol from the drink. Then rice and fish, meats and taros, and all manner of strange delicacies were served. Lillie was so engrossed at the spectacle of the natives feasting that she hardly touched her food, although she found it delicious.

At the conclusion of the dinner, the Javanese

(Continued on page 30)

Consult Mystic Myra

She Sees All, Hears All, Knows All—And, If She Doesn't, She'll Find Out

J. T. M: No, of course there is nothing the matter with Evelyn Brent's right hand. That affliction was only part of the character she played in "Interference." Did you miss the first half, the last half or the middle that you did not get the trend of the story?

HELEN: You are right, the Beulah Poynter, whose play, "One Way Street", is one of the Broadway attractions, is the same Beulah Poynter whose stories you so much enjoyed in this magazine. Yes, again, this is the same play which you saw in your home town as "Murder" and it was Miss Poynter in person who appeared in the rôle of the discarded sweetheart. I am sure, if you had followed your desire and gone to the stage door and introduced yourself to Miss Poynter as one of her fans, she would have been highly pleased.

P. G.: It was Alberta Vaughn's parents who were injured in an automobile accident during the holidays. Alberta and her sister, Adamae, were in New York on their first visit at that time and they were both anxious to board the next train—or the next airplane—for California. However, Alberta was in the midst of the picture, "Molly and I", and, upon assurance in her mother's own voice over the phone that there was no cause for worry, the little lady was forced to remain in the East to fulfill her contract.

Mary: You see, Mary, Warner Brothers had the idea even before you did. They are starring little Davey Lee in "Sonny Boy". Sure, he's an adorable youngster.

M. L. T.: No, Fannie Brice is not in Hollywood but very much in New York. She is appearing in "Fioretta" at the Earl Carroll Theatre. I am glad you are enjoying Christine Hamilton's story of her life. Personally, I think it's the best ever.

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LESSON EIGHTY-ONE (Reviewed)

Yes, You Have Action, But Is It Logical Action?

A READER, who shall be nameless, or perhaps I should say unnamed, writes in a rather petulant fashion, saying:

"I have plenty of *action* in my script and yet you panned it."

Well, I remember that script very well and it did have plenty of action—and none of it logical. At the risk of incurring more criticism, I repeat that a lawyer who wanted to get rid of his client that he might cover up his loss of the man's fortune entrusted to his care would not use a meat-axe to commit the crime. Somehow, it does not ring true to me. I think he would use a less violent means to get rid of him. It is true, we do read of crimes of this sort in the papers, but they are usually committed in the heat of anger. This lawyer's crime was premeditated and I think it was not logical to have it done with a meat-axe, no matter what my reader thinks of it.

Which all brings me back to what I have frequently written, that the basis of a photoplay is action, but it must be logical action. And it must be action suited not only to the characters of the play, but to the type of play itself. For instance, a comedy or a farce comedy calls for quick action as well as funny; a drama needs tense action; a melodrama requires thrilling and sensational action. Life is action of some sort or other, and, if a photoplay is to represent life, it must have that same element. But, if this action is to produce a sympathetic reaction on the part of the audience, it must be action suited to the time, the place and the character.

It is true that in real life a person sometimes does something that no one had thought him capable of doing, but there is usually a reason for it. And there must be a reason in your play, too, or you will produce an eccentric character which is not the type we are now discussing. And, when action is spoken of, it doesn't *always* mean *silent action,* as many novices and some professionals seem to think.

For instance, there may be two characters in your play who have never met, but who, your plot has already shown, have reason, as yet unknown to themselves, to hate each other. They meet casually, just an ordinary introduction, and greet each other in the usual courteous manner. Though the action here may seem to be a trifle tame to be called action, the fact that the audience knows that when they find out about the cause for hatred they will be at each other's throats causing a thrill to that same audience. This is, of course, very general, but I think you get the point.

The old proverb that "Actions speak louder than words" applies nowhere more truly than on the screen. Your hero stops to soothe a crying child or to pet a stray dog. You don't have to subtitle his character, for his action has shown it. Your heroine gives her last nickel to a blind beggar and has to walk home from work. The action isn't violent nor even thrilling, but you know just what kind of girl she is. If your sly heavy comes along the next minute and sneaks the nickel, you have his character cinched with the audience. They'll expect anything from him after that.

The real point that I mean to make this week is, then, that action must be logical and must fit not only the character but the type of play and that it needn't be violent action or crook action. Too many seem to think that murder and robbery are the only means of expressing thrilling things on the screen. A simple little act that gains the sympathy of the audience is quite as useful in developing your plot. Anyway, it seems to me that it is quite possible to write a play that touches and thrills without having it deal with a bunch of crooks and their crimes. Most of our own life stories give us a few thrills entirely unconnected with crime or even violence, don't you think?

L. M., of Kingston: I do not feel that I can decide for you whether you should or should not take that expensive course in the school of photoplaywrighting that you mention. True, it has turned out some students who have written successful plays, but I do not know of any one regularly engaged in film work who has taken that course. It should have value, though, but it is entirely up to you to decide whether you want to spend the time and the money. I could judge better as to your present qualifications if you had sent a script instead of merely voicing your ambition. However, here's luck to you whichever way you decide!

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THE GIRL ON THE BARGE

(*Continued from page* 6)

his deserts for having a bad woman in his family. After that Erie's work was doubled, for she did his as well as her own and his wild cursings seemed to ring in her ears all day. And still the time dragged on.

ONE night she sat alone on deck, looking over the misty river, seeing the billboards slide by on the bank and remembering her precious lessons and Tim's smile. Where was Tim now? She wanted him so!

"Oh, my dear, my very dear!" she murmured to the mist and the rain, "When my lessons was hard, you told me that, if a person wants a thing enough, it will come. Well, now I want you—I want you so much! You will come soon, won't you—won't you? Please come! Please!"

Her young heart felt a little eased of its pain. Somehow, she thought, her yearning words would be carried away by the wind to *him,* and he would hear—and come.

They were drawing near New York and the weather was fierce and stormy as they tied up to the last landing, among a string of other loaded barges. Erie went ashore to get supplies and came back, dripping, to hear her father cursing the weather and his injured leg. She sighed as she hauled the lantern to its spar for the night and felt the lurch and tilt of the craft in the choppy water. A little later there was a wrench and a jar, and then sudden motion. The barge folk knew what that meant—the cable had broken, the barge was loose—and Hell Gate rocks showed toothed fangs thhrough the broken water, nearer and nearer.

Captain Andy stood beside Erie on the tipping deck, and, for the first time in long weeks, she felt that he had forgotten his anger toward her. Death was near—perhaps that was why. They were helpless, and the barge lurched on.

But some one else had seen the breaking loose of the barge. Tim Fogarty had recognized Erie as she scurried on board with her basket of provisions. The wind had carried away his voice when he called her, but he had stayed near the barge, hoping to see her again. Now, with her danger lashing his heart, he leaped to the wheelhouse of the towboat by the landing. The master was not aboard.

"Tell him that I'm taking out the boat myself! I've got to catch that barge!" he shouted to the man who helped him cast off.

So it was that Erie, half-blinded by the rain and the wind, saw the lights of the tug come heaving through the night and heard a voice shouting:

"E-rie! E-rie, ahoy! Keep up your courage! I'm coming!"

She clutched Pop's arm.

"He's coming to save us!" she cried.

Pop looked down at her glowing face. The imminence of death had done something to his stubborn spirit. Also, since Erie had done the catering, he had not been able to procure so many black bottles. He began to think hard and to wonder whether, perhaps, he had misjudged the child. But he was still too pig-headed to do more than grunt at her ecstacy.

The tow boat came nearer and Tim threw a rope which Erie caught. With it she hauled the cable aboard and she and Captain Andy lashed it firmly. Tim gave the word and turned to start the towboat pulling.

But at that very moment a hanging lamp, jarred loose by the motion, fell and crashed down on his head. Erie saw him fall and realized that both barge and towboat were once again at the mercy of the elements. The Captain's ruddy face paled.

"Pray, gal!" he said. "Down on your knees and pray! It's death now, sure!"

But Erie was too near her love to let death interfere to spoil things.

"I'm going along the cable!" she shouted. "You'll have to hold it for me, Pop—or I'll never make it."

"Erie—don't! It's madness—my little gal!"

But she was gone, over the side, and he could see her slender body, holding gamely to the cable, being tossed by the great seas, yet still holding. He flung his giant strength upon the cable, holding it steady, seeming to hear her voice through the scream of the wind:

"If you want anything enough, you'll get it!"

"Pray the Lord she gets there!" he whispered.

A BROKEN cheer came from his throat at last. He saw her slim figure clambering up the side of the towboat. And at that moment he felt that his daughter had been given back to him from the dead.

Tim opened his eyes and found Erie bending over him.

"Get in the cabin, darling," she gasped. "I can run the towboat back."

She had not forgotten the lesson she had learned when she had steered the towboat, with Tim's hands over hers. Slowly and steadily the chunky little tug coaxed and urged the heavy barge out of danger. Tim, recovering, managed to get up to the wheel-house, and there those two found each other again after the misery of separation.

A YEAR passed. Over the shining bosom of the river the barge glided, the same barge under a new coat of paint, the same barge—but, oh, how different! Captain Andy sat smiling behind the bush of red beard at his grandson, little Tim Fogarty, and beside him sat Erie and her young husband, hand in hand, beaming at both!

POWER OF THE PRESS

(*Continued from page* 11)

his first and only big scoop. Maybe he'd bring him luck again. He raced after him and touched him on the shoulder. The man immediately wheeled round and to Clem's amazement he found himself looking into the muzzle of a small, wicked revolver. His hands rose instinctively, but the man, seeing his utter surprise, realized that he had made a mistake.

"S'cuse me, buddy. I thought you were a friend of mine and I was just trying a little joke—see? No offense meant. What did you want with me?"

"I—I just wanted to thank you for giving me that great scoop," said Clem. "You haven't got another idea, have you?"

"Not just now, Buddy—maybe I will have some day; then I'll let you in on it," the man said jauntily. He walked away.

But, even as he was almost out of sight, a great light came to Clem. He recognized that face—it was in Jane's folder! It was the little dark man—and he was danger-

ous; he carried a gun. Maybe he was a gangster! It would be a good idea to find out where he was going. Something—the thing editors call "news sense"—was glimmering in the cub reporter's mind. As carefully as though he knew just what he wanted to find out, Clem trailed the man and, with a gasp of fulfilled instinct, saw him enter the campaign headquarters of Blake, the rival candidate for Mayor. He could hear nothing, but he waited. Presently the door opened and he overheard the little man making an arrangement with some one unseen to meet him that night at a certain cabaret. Clem knew that he must not be seen, so he sped away and went straight back to Jane to whom he told the whole story.

"If we can connect the crime with Blake's office—Say! He came out of that house just after you—I could swear it. I wonder, now—Listen, I've got a plan. First of all, I want to make duplicates of all those pictures you have."

Together they worked on the duplicates, finding themselves most happily drawn together by a mutual interest.

IN the campaign headquarters of Merton Blake that same afternoon, a very significant conversation was going on. Blake was happy and his dark henchman, Van, was in fine feather.

"Well, we've nothing to do now but sit back and watch the votes roll in," said Van. "I call it a pretty trick the way I steered that dumb reporter after Snyder was fixed. He didn't have time to tell the girl anything and she's got the sticky end of it. Great! I'll bet your mind's as light as a bubble."

"It would be if Marie was out of the picture," Blake confessed. "Are you sure that dame's safe still?"

"I've got a man out there, but I'll go out again myself and look her over. You sure would get in Dutch with your dear voters if it came out that you'd ever been mixed up with a dame like that. Well, so long! Me and Happy Al will be at the Okeh Club tonight for awhile but I'll drop in later."

The telephone rang. Blake picked up the receiver and then scowled.

"Talk about angels—or the opposite!" he murmured, for the petulant voice on the other end of the wire was cooing:

"Say, Merton, this is Marie—jus' your 'ittle baby doll, Marie! Say, Big Boy, I'm tired of staying out here in this old house all alone! I wanta see some life again. I think you're mean—I do so! Say—I saw a paper though and read how you got Snyder bumped off—"

"For God's sake, shut up!" shouted Blake, hanging up. "Go and put a muffler on that dame!" he said to Van's departing back.

"Later," said Van. "I told you I had a man watching outside the house all the time. She's safe."

"I sure hope so," Blake said gloomily.

THE Okeh Club was going at full swing. Van and a tall stout man sat together at a small table and talked. Presently they were hailed by a blatant voice and Clem Rogers stumbled cheerfully toward them. He was evidently very drunk and very happy.

"Why—theresh my ole pal—fellah 'at gave me th' big tip! Shay, you don't have to gimme another—I got one! Looka what I got!"

He flopped a cardboard folder down on the table under Van's nose and roared with laughter.

"Gonna take it to my Chief—I dunno what's all about—but he will. He's a wishe ol' bird! Thish came from Dishtrick Att-a-boy's place. 'It'll smash Blake,' he said jus' before he croaked. I smashed one candidate—now I'll smash another. Whaddo I care! Darn ol' candydates!"

Van took a look at the contents of the folder and then glanced meaningly at his companion.

"Meet Happy Al, Buddy—the world's greatest bootledger!" he said with feigned enthusiasm. He whispered to the big man in a swift aside, "Keep the kid busy—I want to take a squint at these."

He ruffled quickly through them while Happy Al told Clem a story that made him rock with laughter. Van dared not take the whole folder but he took occasion to slip out the picture of the dashing blonde before he gave back the evidence.

Pretty soon Clem, with a look of portentous gravity, said that he "hadda go—mos' 'portant date!" and staggered away with his prize. Once outside, his rollicking air gave place to perfect sobriety and he climbed into a car driven by Jane Atwill. Together they checked over the pictures with the duplicates they had made. The blonde was missing.

"There's the keynote!" triumphed Clem. "And I've got a wild hunch how to get to her. What's her name—Marie Barton, alias Mary Owen, alias—That's the stuff. Come on into this phone booth with me and make a noise like a cabaret singer, can you?"

So, while Jane warbled joyfully at his side, Clem called Blake's number. Disguising his voice to sound like that of the bootlegger, he said:

"Blake? Say—this is Happy Al! Marie jus' called me and asked me to send her a case. An' now I've forgotten the address. What was it again?"

"Quieter!" said the voice of the candidate. "You calling from the Okeh?"

"Sure? Hear the cutie singing 'I Can't Give You Anything but Love'? Well—"

"It's out on the Bolivar Road—No. 67. But don't forget it again." Blake said irritably.

"Thanks, old man! The next part of the job is mine alone, Jane," said Clem. "I'm going to get that story if it kills me. Here—taxi!"

Suddenly Jane's slim arms were round his neck, Jane's face was close to his.

"Clem—you'll be careful and come back to me—promise!"

"Sure! Oh, you *bet* I will!" he whispered. Then he was gone.

A CAR was parked outside the house he sought and a man sat on the steps, dozing heavily. Clem crept up and passed him, entered the door softly and ascended a flight of stairs. He pushed open the door at the stairhead, flashed on his electric torch and brought it to rest on the face of a sleeping girl—the dashing blonde herself! She sat up drowsily, then her eyes widened.

"Oh!" she said. "Well, I must say you're welcome, even if you're a burglar. It's sure good to see a stranger for a change."

He snapped on the lights.

"I'm not a burglar—I'm a newspaper man," he said.

The girl sprang out of bed and slipped on a filmy negligée.

"Oooh! How I *love* newspaper reporters!" she beamed. "Here, have a drink, kid, and tell Marie what's on your mind."

She poured out a generous glassful from a decanter and took one herself. She was thoroughly happy and intended to please this nice boy who had come to relieve her boredom.

"So you're lonely, eh?" Clem smiled. "That's too bad! Doesn't Blake come out here any more?"

"Huh! He's too busy with his old election and things—he and that little murderer, Van! He hasn't any time for me—the big sap!"

"Why did you kill Snyder?" Clem asked suddenly.

Marie's shallow blue eyes widened.

"I did *not!*" she said indignantly. "What on earth—"

"Blake and Van say you did," Clem lied blandly.

Marie sprang up.

"The darn liars!" she cried. "Van did it himself! The very idea of wishing it on me! Gee, if I could get even!"

"You can," answered Clem, his heart beating very hard, for victory was near. "All you have to do is tell me the whole story and sign it and you and I will drive back to town and give it to my paper."

"With pictures of me and everything?" asked Marie, preening.

"Surely!"

"All right," she said and plunged into the tale.

Clem's stubby pencil followed her words as fast as they came and both were so absorbed that they did not hear the door open behind them. Marie was the first to sense something strange. She looked up and her face paled. Van stood there and there was a drawn revolver in his hand.

"What a pretty story for the paper!" he gibed. "*Too* bad it will never be printed! But I'll have a prettier one! Now, young man, take your pencil and write, 'Life has become too difficult for Marie and me so we have decided to end it all!' Now—sign it! Good! Now say goodby to poppa!"

"He won't get away with this—there'll be finger-marks on the gun!" Clem said to the trembling Marie. Van caught the words.

"You're not so dumb as you look," he commented. "Lend me your hanky, little boy, and we'll wipe the pretty toy."

He stepped too near and one of Clem's long legs shot out. The next moment they were rolling over and over each other in a wild scrimmage. Van was no match for the muscular boy and in a few moments they had him bound with curtain cords and glaring sullenly from the floor. Clem sprang to the telephone.

"Give me the City Editor!" he said when he had his number.

The story he told over that wire sent the office of the *Times* into a fury of excitement, but, in the middle of it, the wire suddenly snapped. Van, rolling over against the wall, had managed to haul the wire down.

Marie, looking out of the window, gave a scream.

"Blake and his gang are down there!" she gasped.

"I'll say they are!" Van gloated from the floor. "I went back there with Al and Blake tumbled that your call was phony when he saw him."

"Shut up!" commanded Clem, gagging him efficiently with his handkerchief.

He and Marie made a quick plan. Carrying Van into the dark corridor, they waited a moment, then Clem fired Van's revolver and Marie screamed her loudest. At the outburst of noise, the men outside all rushed into the house, pounded upstairs and entered the lighted room. Then Clem flung the door shut and locked it before speeding out with the bound captive. The three piled into one of the cars and started off. From upstairs in the house they could hear the rapid discharge of shots that were fired into the lock and knew there was no time to lose.

Clem stepped on the gas and they tore along the midnight roads. Behind them came the roar of a following motor and the sharp patter of shots that fell short.

The car lurched and swayed, Van almost got loose and wrecked things but was finally subdued and finished the ride with Marie sitting capably on top of him. A crash was narrowly avoided when two cars swung across the road in front of them, but Clem just made it. At last the lights of the business section came into view and then the good, tall building that housed the *Times*.

Into the editorial room they burst, Clem first, dragging the wretched Van. Clem was radiant, bursting with glory, Marie already primping in expectation of the news cameras. And there, by the City Editor's desk, sat Jane, the faithful, who had gone there immediately upon leaving Clem and had told the Chief all about her hero's genius and bravery. A roar went up at their entry and then, as Clem's triumphant hand went up demanding silence, his voice rang with victory:

"STOP THE PRESS! I've got the murderer of the District Attorney!"

It was the biggest moment in his life!

THE RISE OF FANNIE BRICE

(*Continued from page* 16)

passion of loneliness in the warm green eyes! What a love story she has given the world!

And she can smile, too. She is a brave soul—our Fannie! Braver than the stoic who endures sternly, she can face life and its tragedies with head up and laughter on her lips.

"I never realized before what it means to have a sense of humor," she said to an interviewer. "It's the wall you lean on. If you haven't it, there's nothing to hold you up. It's courage. And it isn't life that matters—it's the courage you put into it."

The future? It's very full for Fannie Brice. There are Frances and William to do their best to fill the loving mother-heart, there is work, there is play and this new venture, her first talking picture for Warner's Vitaphone.

"Work and a sense of humor!" is her own receipe for the living of life, and she has both plentifully.

She screens beautifully and her poignant voice registers splendidly on the Vitaphone, so she will probably continue to spend part of her time in Hollywood and the rest on the stage, "carrying on", as usual. This first picture of hers is called after that greatest ballad of all she ever sang—"My Man". Yes—she can sing it now; for Fannie Brice is among the bravest of the brave!

And, yet, in spite of it all, this story does not end on a sad note. Just because she *is* brave, Fannie Brice knows how to pick up her life and make of it a happy thing, and,

when one seeks to build happiness, happiness comes. A few weeks ago, a quiet wedding ceremony was held in City Hall, New York, when Mayor Walker united a lovely, smiling woman with warm green eyes to one of our most popular song-writers, Billy Rose. So the great heart has opened to take in love again. How could such a heart exist without love?

And, with all the bells of her public's good wishes pealing round her, we wish her everything that her heart desires. THE END

(If you have missed any of the preceding four instalments of this absorbing life story of the screen's popular star, send ten cents to Moving Picture Stories, 112 West 44th Street, New York City, and the magazine will be forwarded to you.)

BEHIND CLOSED DOORS

(Continued from page 20)

from eleven-thirty to twelve-thirty tonight—both of you? I believe I shall be able to deliver the document to you if I can go after it without interference."

Anton, crestfallen, felt that the last remark was made for him, but there was kindness in the girl's eyes as well as teasing. He and the Ambassador promised to remain quiet for that midnight hour, no matter what they heard.

THE night was dark. In the shadows of the East door Nina waited, a small, cold revolver in one capable hand. She heard a step, a whispered signal from without, answered by another from inside the house.

The messenger from the financiers had come! The door opened and a hand, holding a sealed envelope, was stretched out. Quick as a flash, Nina's own hand shot out and grasped the document. There was a startled exclamation from the man and he took to his heels. Nina knew that he would be picked up by the police posted at the gates and let him go. She pushed the door open and stepped inside.

"Hands up!" she commanded, snapping on the lights.

There was a soft, poignant cry of distress and she found herself looking into the tremulous face of Madame Marthe—the beloved old Lady of the Embassy.

"So—you—were No. 17!" Nina said.

There was something pathetically proud in the way the old lady's head lifted.

"Yes," she said. "But it seems—the play is over. You have taken me. What are you going to do with me?"

Suddenly, tears brimmed over in the old eyes and Madame sank down upon a sofa, weeping heartbrokenly.

The girl dropped down beside her, putting an impulsive arm about the fragile shoulders.

"Tell me," she whispered, "why did you do such a terrible thing? Don't you know you were betraying your own nephew and your country?"

"True—Raoul is my nephew and represents my country to— to all who have taken over the new Government, but—*he* was my King!"

"Tell me," Nina whispered.

"I knew him—we were boy and girl together. We—loved each other so! And then—they took him away from me and made him King. He had to say goodby to me—forever. It was in a garden—I can see it all so plainly, even now, after all the long years. There were roses—and birds singing—and his tears were wet on my cheek. He gave me this ring, telling me to wear it always—in memory. As if I needed a reminder! So, though he's old and alone now, he is still my King. And now—I have failed him!"

The bitter, pitiful weeping died away to bravely suppressed sobs and the old lady rose tremblingly to her feet.

"I think I shall go up to my room," she said. "I shall be there when you—want me."

Nina felt her heart ache as she watched her go, but duty was duty and she had accomplished hers. She turned with the letter in her hand, knocked softly and entered the study.

Without a word she handed the document to the Ambassador. He glanced at the contents and heaved a mighty sigh of relief.

"The country is safe from danger," he ejaculated. "Thank God!"

But Anton was still curious.

"But—who was No. 17?" he asked. The girl hesitated.

"It doesn't matter—now," she said. "The danger is over, and No. 17 will never trouble us again . Why not let it go at that?"

"But—" began Anton.

Then all three turned and listened with blanched faces. From the hall there had come a crash and a faint cry, then the thud of some one falling.

The Ambassador threw open the door. There at the foot of the stairs lay the frail body that had held Madame Marthe's soul. She had slipped at the top of the stairs, fallen, and now lay still, her troubled heart at peace. Her nephew ran to her and knelt beside the small, worn little lady who had always meant "Mother" to him. Anton would have followed, but the girl drew him back. There were tears in her eyes.

Sudden realization came to Anton Merlin.

"Then—*she* was No. 17!" he gasped.

Slowly Nina nodded, but her hand lay on his arm.

"But—he must never know. She was only doing her frail, brave best to serve the greatest Power in the world—Love."

"Yes!" murmured the young man. "Love—the greatest Power in the world!"

And Nina smiled.

WILD ORCHIDS

(Continued from page 24)

men and women stretched forth their hands above the broken meats and crumbs as a sign of fealty to the Prince who had let them feast on his bounty. Then servants entered and took away the dishes and the cloth. The guests rose and seated themselves along the wall, leaving a large cleared space.

From the musician's balcony came a low throb of drums beating softly in unison. A door opened at the far end of the hall and perfumed air entered as if heralding the entrance of some great personage. The torches flared in the sudden draft of warm, scented air.

Dancers began to file into the room. They wore masks to represent the faces of animals, carved grotesquely. The rhythm of the music quickened. The dancers whirled dizzily. Their feet moved quickly, faster and faster.

Suddenly the music hushed to a soft, amorous melody and the dancers stopped their gyrations and settled to

the floor like falling leaves. At the far end of the hall, Lillie was conscious of a very vision of loveliness. A tall, golden-skinned dancer swayed in the dim shadows of the room, and then flashed into light as the flames of the torches picked out the sparkling gems of her ornamenture. She was dressed as a Javanese bride, and to her was given the most important rôle of the ballet. Her dance was a dance of love. It began gracefully, lightly, depicting the maiden entranced by love and progressing through all the emotions until the time that she gives herself as a bride.

Lillie was profoundly moved. The warm evening air, the musk and perfume and the sensuous movement of the dancers fascinated her, stirring her desires. When the performer finished her dance, languidly, as if tired of love-making, Lillie felt a tension in the room that seemed but a companion to her own desires. She looked at Sterling. His head had fallen back against the arm of the chair and he was dozing. She couldn't nudge him because the Prince sat between them.

As she still wondered how to attract Sterling's attention and awaken him, her eyes encountered the Prince's. His were brooding lustfully upon her naked shoulders.

To break the tension between them, Lillie said:

"It was a wonderful spectacle, Prince De Gace, and it was good of you to have your dancers perform for us. I especially loved the costume of the principal dancer. It was so lovely and golden in the light."

"You shall have it for your own," De Gace answered courteously.

"No. I admire it, but I couldn't very well use it."

"The men who labored to make it of gold thread and topaz and emeralds will have been recompensed for their labor if you will but try it on once before your mirror. It is the costume of a Javanese bride, and none are more wonderful in love than the Javanese."

Sterling had awakened.

"Fine dancing that was," he commented.

LATER in the evening, when Lillie was retiring, she glimpsed the gleam of gold cloth on her bed and, walking over to it, saw that the dancer's golden costume had been placed there as a gift for her.

"How lovely!" she murmured to herself, and then, determined to give her husband a surprise, she asked one of the Javanese maids to help her put it on.

When she was completely dressed in the costume and tall headgear of gold wire, she looked at herself in the mirror. It was difficult for her to remember when she had looked so beautiful before. The costume fitted her and the gold cloth and the ornaments served as an admirable frame for her blonde skin and ash blonde hair.

Opening the panel, she crept quietly through the secret passageway into her husband's room. Sterling was already in bed and asleep. Lillie lit all the lights in the room, and then tried to awaken him with a kiss.

Sterling, finally aroused, grumbled sleepily, and Lillie, walking a few steps away from the bed, turned around in the manner of a mannequin displaying a gown.

"Where'd you get that?" her husband asked.

"De Gace had it sent to my room. Isn't it lovely?"

"Yes, but you'd better go back to bed if you expect to come shopping for coffee plantations with me in the morning. Put out the lights, will you, Lillie, they hurt my eyes, and I want to sleep."

Lillie turned from the room, very sad and disappointed. She had so wanted her husband to admire and love her this night and in this array. Back in her own room, she felt too restless to sleep, and so, still wearing the bridal costume, strolled out onto the moolit balcony that adjoined her room. The night was soft and beautiful and from some grove in the distance came the sweet, seductive sound of native music.

Gazing at the moonlight, Lillie lost herself in thought. Suddenly she was recalled to a sense of her revealing costume and the unusual circumstances of her presence at this romantic palace by a light footfall on the flagstone. Looking up, she saw De Gace, dressed in a sumptuous dressing gown, approaching her.

"An enchanting night," he murmured.

"Yes, it is—but chilly. I had better go and get a wrap," Lillie answered, moving toward her door.

De Gace blocked her way and, before she realized it, had crushed her in his embrace, kissing her mouth with fierce, quick kisses.

(*To be Continued in the next issue*)

FUN FROM THE FLICKERS

(*Continued from page* 12)

"If you'll show me the way to your cellar, I'll buy you a drink." ("Noah's Ark", Warner Bros.)

* * *

"Your friend is fighting—he needs your help."

"If my pal is fighting, it's the other guy that needs the help." ("Noah's Ark", Warner Bros.)

* * *

"I'll sub for you—in pinchers or clinchers."
("The Flying Fleet", Metro-Goldwyn Mayer.)

* * *

"Old lady, witnessing tug-of-war for the first time: "Wouldn't it be simpler for them to get a knife and cut the rope?"
(Newburgh *News*—Topics of the Day Films.)

* * *

"How are the life preservers on this boat?"

"Fine! I've just had three-good as I ever drank."
(Auburn, New York, *Advertisers-Journal*—Topics of the Day Films.)

* * *

Sign on Broadway, New York City: "Pants pressed while you wait around the corner.
(New York *Evening World*—Topics of the Day Films.)

* * *

"Who invented swimming?"

"A Scotchman whom came to a toll bridge."
(Oklahoma City, *Oklahoman*—Topics of the Day Films.)

* * *

Dear Editor: What is a calorie?

It's the tier of seats above the balcony.
(Rock Island, Illinois, *Argus*—Topics of the Day Films.)

* * *

"Waiter, there are two flies swimming about in my soup."

"Impossible, sir. They're dead."
(Escondido, Colorado, *Times-Advocate*—Topics of the Day Films.)

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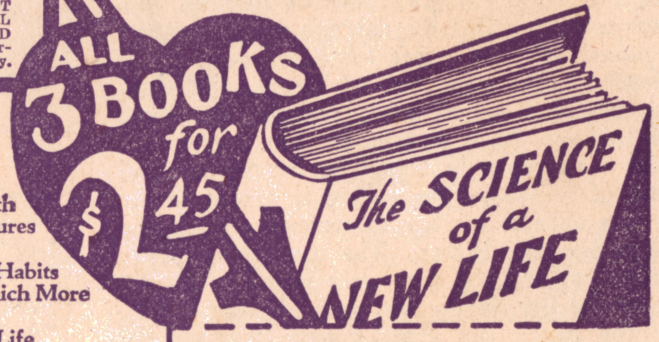

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